

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. Among the grimmest romances that arose in the wake of the great Civil War was one that had its origin in the greatest tragedy Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. had escaped the frantlo clutch of justice at the hands of the anger maddened people of the North; had escaped the myriad nets spread for him and was living perdu some-

to a few. The world had read and read of the hunt for the assassin, of his capture in a barn on a lonely Virginia farm, at night, nearly a fortnight after his crime, of his being shot to death when the barn was fired, of the return of the body to Washington, of its

where, his identity concealed or known only

When, therefore, years after the terrible days of 1865 it began to be whispered about that it was not Booth who had been capturned at Garrett's farm; that the real Booth had baffled his pursuers and had been carried in safety to France, to Canada, to England, to South America or wherever the latest whisperer fancied, peo ple who heard the whispers asked, first of all who, then, had died and been buried in the place and stead of John Wilkes Booth. Others asked, Was not the body of the assassin properly identified?

Amusing as was the story, it was found by all who made investigation that the identification of the dead man seemed curiqualy incomplete. Not one of his captors had seen Booth in life. He did not explicity admit his identity in the short time between receiving his death wound and his death. His captured companion, Harold, was understood to deny that it was Booth. Finally the legal identification was made when the face was unrecognizable, and depended

man was one of the conspirators, but not Booth.

If, then, one admitted the possibility of Booth's survival, where was he? Under what mask was he dragging out his existence? Where on the habitable globe was so great a miscreant screened by those about him?

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The answer came at last in the shape of the assertion that he had lived for years at Atlanta Ga., not as a recluse, not as a skulking wretch stealing out at night in the shadow of a nation's curse, but as a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and in the open light of day!

He who was known in life at Atlanta, Ga., as the Reverend James Armstrong was, the whisperers said, undoubtedly John Wilkes Booth!

Dumfounding and incredible as the assertion seemed, it demanded investigation, when io! a wonder of another kind was revealed. Not, indeed, the assassin, but a man so marvelously like John Wilkes Booth in body and mental traits that twelve years after his sudden death the belief is still firmly held in a hundred quarters that he was Booth.

And, stranger still, the Reverend Mr. Armstrone well knew of this resemblance.

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And, stranger still, the Reverend Mr. Armstrong well knew of this resemblance, and in many ways, without covertly saving so, allowed the belief to live that he indeed was the man they thought he was. Once at a crisis in his life, which was stormy for a minister, when asked by his Bishop before an ecclesiastical trial court, "Are you John Wilkes Booth?" replied: "I am on trial as James Armstrong, not as John Wilkes Booth." Pressed further, he refused to affirm or deny.

To account for this attitude on the part of a minister of the gospel one must search in the strange byways of the human mind. The love of mystery is one clew. Beside it there was something, too, of the love of notoriety that would rather be marked apart as the reverend hero of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" was marked than pass as a common man; the state of mind in which Dante permitted the Italian peasants to say uncontradicted as he passed with the faraway look in his eyes: "Do not touch him, children; he is the man who has been in hell."

Other and less excusable, but equally human reason there was. Back of the dreadful time when the clergyman's double, John Wilkes Booth, leaped into an accursed prominence the Reverend Doctor Armstrong had been making a personal history that he would not care to see unveiled. He was in the South. Those who might suspect that he was Booth would be less likely to delve into that past if they thought that such delving would uncover the man who, however madiy and fatally for the South itself, had risked his life in what he though her cause. Policy, therefore, and the curlous bent of an unusual mind conjoined to let the story keep on its way.

How it grew, how its survival was so long possible, upon what meat of rumor, circumstance, invende and assumption it fed make a remarkable story. Above all is the extraordinary likeness down to minute details between the two men—the actor-assassin and the clergyman-actor-for Doctor Armstrong's tastes lay not toward the pulpit, but toward the stage. His voice was remarkable, and his personal magnetism great!. He organized amateur theatricals among the young folk of the parish, and his favorite plays were Shakesnearean. Before he died he went on the lecture platform, and his most remarkable tectures were "Richard III" and "Hamlet."

Circumstantial evidence going to prove that he was Booth cropped up on all sides during his life in Atlanta. Years after the dreadful event of April 14: 1866, when Edwin Booth, the actor, ventured to play again thro

Armstrong in a close carriage at 1 o'clock in the morning.

Every time be came to the town he sought out the doctor. They were fast friends. Everything he could do to further the belief in Southern minds Doctor Armstrong did. He openly visited Edwin Booth at the Kimball Hotel, enjoying the significant glances which were cast upon him. "No, he won't. His friends are powerful."

Then they laughed and called attention to the extradition laws which existed in the United States, which it seemed to them were fashioned to return a horse thief, but not a political murderer.

In the meantime, as time went on, my father died and I married and moved south with my family ten years ago to Atlanta.

in the meantlme, as time went on, my father died and I married and moved south with my family ten years ago to Atlanta, Ga. We were Episcopailans and attended St. Philip's Church. Among the church people who called to ruske us feel at home in our new surroundings was Mrs. Armstrong, the widow of the Reverend James G. Armstrong, who had died two or three years before. She was a very pleasant woman, about 50 years old. When I returned her call, some days later, and was ushered into her parlor. I was thunderstruck to see upon an easel a life size crayon of J. Wilkes Booth. He was dressed in a long black ecclesiastical frock coat and wore a white collar around his neck after the fashion of that time. Mrs. Armstrong entered and found me looking wild eyed at the picture.

"Where did you get this nicture?" I ex-claimed, greatly excited. "This is the last place in the world where I expected to find a portrait of J. Wilkes Booth."

straight. None, and no appearance of beard. Red on the jaws. Face..... Moderately full. Age..... 22 or 23 years. (dark blue). Not heavy, but dark. Complexion..... Healthy. Nose ..... Etraight, well formed. Small: lips thin; upper lip protrudes when he talks. .... Pointed and prominent. Head..... Medium size. ..... Soft, showing no signs of hard labor. Long and tapering. Shoulders..... Broad. Walst..... Taper. Slight. General appearance ....... Strong looking; manners not gentlemanly; vul-

gar.

Herald, of the Reverend James Glasgow Arm-Black, thin, long and

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13 years when he died. Large, not prominent (dark blue). Not heavy, but dark. Swarthy. Straight, well formed,

medium size. Small; lips thin; upper lip protruded when he talked. Pointed and prominent.

Medium size. Soft, showing no signs of Long and tapering. Broad.

Taper. Slight. Strong looking; manners gentlemanly, not vul-

gar.

She laughed rather nervously, I thought, and said, without looking at me:
"So many have made that same mistake."
"Mistake? Mistake?' I said,
"Yes, for that is a picture of my husband, the Reverend Mr. Armstrong, as he appoared when a young man."
Still looking at the picture, I shook my head.

ways had, I knew that J. Wilkes Booth was before us."

It seems that the Reverend Mr. Armstrong's life was not altogether a peaceful one. About two years after he took charge of the flock he mysteriously disappeared from Atlanta, and was gone two weeks. When he came back he was haggard and worn, as if from the effects of dissipation. But his term of repentance lasted only six months. At the end of that time he again disappeared, but was later seen by a member of his church in Charleston, S. C. When he came back to Atlanta he was tried by his Bishops for conduct unbecoming a clergyman, During the course of the trial one of the Bishops asked him, point blank:

"Are you, or are you not, J. Wilkes Booth?"

The clergyman showed no signs of empeared when a young man."
Still looking at the picture, I shook my head.
"Did you know him?" she asked, sadly.
"Yes, I saw him often in Washington and my father knew him and loved him."
"Dear, dear." she said, siching. "This is such a small world after all."
In a few moments the door opened and a young woman of about twenty-four years of age came into the room. She had dark brown hair and big, blue gray eyes, and I was struck with her remarkable resemblance to the Booth family. She looked and acted and talked in every way like a Booth. She was Mrs. Armstrong's only daughter, Mrs. Glenn.
Mrs. Armstrong repeated to her daughter my exclamation about the picture.
"Oh!" exclaimed the daughter, clasping her hands and looking at me with a bright, eager, anxious expression. "Did you take him for J. Wilkes Booth? That man is my ideal. Did you know him?"
I nodded.
"You are the second one I have spoken to who knew him, and they all speak so kindly of him. It was very sad.
"Oh, if my father were alive now." I said. Naturally my interest was aroused, and I determined to find out who the Reverend Mr. Armstrong was. I talked with Judge Strong, who had lived in Atlanta, Ga., all his life, and was best fitted to tell me. At first he would say nothing, putting me off with the remark:
"You know, Mrs. Reeves, that we Southerners have our little secrets."

ARMSTRONG'S ADVENT IN ATLANTA.
But when he found that my father was a

Booth?"

The clergyman showed no signs of embarrassment, but looking his questioner straight in the eye, calmly replied:
"I am not being tried as J. Wilkes Booth; I am being tried as the Reverend James Armstrong." Armstrong."

This did not satisfy the Bishop, and he

This did not satisfy the Bishop, and he pressed the question further, whereupon the dominic refused either to deny or to affirm it. The findings at the trial did not favor Mr. Armstrong.

Another significant incident which still further went to confirm my suspicious was that Edwin Booth, the actor, brother of J. Wilkes Booth, visited the Reverend Mr. Armstrong on the first occasion, and on every occasion, that he played in Atlania. Ga., or vicinity. The actor, after the curtain had fallen, would drive to the rectory in a closed carriage, arriving there at 12 or 1 o'clock at night. He would remain closeted with the minister when all the house was asleep, and return to his hotel as quietly, and, some said, as stealthilly, as he cams.

These facts in Mr. Armstrong's career.

house was asleep, and return to his hotel as quietly, and, some said, as stealthly, as he came.

These facts in Mr. Armstrong's career were told me by Judge Strong and others. I afterwards learned a great deal from Mrs. Armstrong. She said that one day, while she and her husband were on a train coming from Chattanooga, Tenn., a stranger passed and repassed in the aisle, looking intently at her husband as if he knew him. Finally, the stranger put his hand on her husband's arm and exclaimed; "Why, Wilkes Booth, can it be possible that this is you?" She heard her husband asy, "Hush!" and then, rising, add:

"You are mistaken, sir, I am the Reverend Mr. Armstrong. This is my card. I will be glad to see you at any time."

The stranger took the card and passed down the aisle, and Mrs. Armstrong said that when her husband sat down he was trembling violently. That was the first time that she had her suspicions aroused as to the identity of her husband. When she got home she was continually asking him about it, but he would give her no satisfaction. She herself told the Bishop of the occurrence, which was why he zaked the question at the trial later. Indeed, it was said that after he had left the church Doctor Armstrong in a moment of excitement had said!

"Never forget that you have Wilkes"

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BEAD THIS.

Jacksonville, Ill., Sept. 25, 1902.—Nearly three years ago, with a second attack of serious illness, I was sur "You know, Mrs. Reeves, that we Southerners have our little secrets."

ARMSTRONG'S ADVENT IN ATLANTA.
But when he found that my father was a Southerner, and had done so much in horses and money for the South during the war. he talked more freely.

"You know," he said, "the Reverend Mr. Armstrong was no more fitted to be in a pulpit than I am, He came to us about nine years ago from Richmond, Va., bringing with him his wife and daughter. We needed a paster in the church, and he preached a trial sermon, No one knew who he was or where he came from, but the sermon was magnificent. The man's wonderful personal magnetism charmed us all. From the moment he opened his mouth until the close of the service he held us spellbound. We secured him, and he preached in the church for many years.

"The first thing he did was to get up Shakespearean classes and amateur theatric's among the young folks. It was during a rehearsal of the first of these perfermances that I had my suspicions aroused. I went to the rehearsal and heard the Reverend Mr. Armstrong instructing a young man in his part. The minister became an actor for the boy and showed him how to put fire into his lines. The moment be opened his mouth and strode upon that stage, with the curious limp which he al-

DE JAMES JOHN WILKES
GLASGOW ARMSTRONG DOOTH

in Washington and what people said about him. Colonel Glenn, her husband, was a lawyer, and at the time I speak of had just become involved in some legal trouble. His wife, greatly exercised, fled to me for comfort in her trouble. She was hysterical and so much excited that she had lost control of herself. After I had heard Judge Strong's story and knew so much about it, I determined to find out all I could from the daughter. I asked her to tell me the truth. Then It was that she broke down.

"What shall I do?" she cried, "There is nothing in this world for me but sorrow. I don't know who my father is, except what he told me that dreadful night. I can never forget it. You say that he is Wilkes Booth, and others say so, too. And it is the first thing my husband casts into my face when we quarrel. It must be true. My only happiness in this world now lies in leading the same life that he lived—I mean that I must go upon the stage to support myself. My little girl will be here, for mother is more of a mother to her than I am."

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About three months after that she came to New York, where she studied to go upon the stage. She had a beautiful voice and was a thorough musician. I do not know what her stage name was nor what she played is New York. She was not yon the stage a year when she died. As far as I know, Mrs. Armstrong is still living in Atlanta, Ga., with her granddaughter. I believe that the Reverend Mr. Armstrong is, or was, J. Wilkes Booth, the murderer of Abraham Lincoln, and there are many people in Atlanta, Gs., who hold the same belief.

PURSUED BY SIX HORSES. Bert Levy's Exciting Race Down Mountain Grade.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL Calistoga, Mont., May 2 .- Pursued by six frightened horses from a freight team, Bert Levy and his wife, in a light buggy, clattered down the St. Helena Mountain grade The freight horses had been hauling a heavy wagon up the grade, but becoming frightened by a wine puncheon that rolled from a wagon ahead of them down upon the leaders, they whirled quickly in the narrow road, tore the fore wheels from the wagon, pulled the driver, Will Carter, from his seat and then galloped madly down the hill. sent and then galloped madly down the hill.

Levy heard them coming and whipped up his horse. Had the fiying horses struck his buggy they would have thrown it over into the canon below, so he piled the whip and kept ahead. The race continued for some minutes, until the leaders of the six horses shied to the side. One went on each side of a pine tree, and in a moment the road was a mass of plunging horses and tangled harness. Then Levy stopped his buggy and went back to help Carter.

The accident occurred at what is known as "Dusty Bend," the scene of several stage hold-ups. It was fortunate that the occurrence did not turn out to be a very serious one. one. Levy is a well-known merchant of Lower Lake.

## MRS. M. A. REEVES'S STORY.

Fourteen-Year-Old Girl Heard the Great Conspiracy Discussed and Afterward Believed She Had Discovered Booth in Atlanta, Ga.

On the night that Lincoln was shot, April 14, 1865, I was in Washington with my father, at the National Hotel. I was then a little girl about 14 years old. My father was there in company with a man named Thompson, a lobbyist. The first that I heard of the trouble was in the afternoon about 4 o'clock. Thompson came to my father's

room and said:

"Those fellows are all down at the saloon. They are crazy drunk and well guarded."

"I was out about an hour ago," said father, "and met two or three of the gang on the way to the saloon."

"Keep out of the way," Thompson replied, "for they would shoot you at the drop of the hat. Johnny Surratt has sent horse to his mother for a gun."

"Rash boy!" said my father. "He is going to get that unfortunate woman into trouble."

The rest of the conversation is a saloon.

The rest of the conversation is indistinct in my mird, but I remember that prominent names were mentioned, such as "Andy" Johnson, McClellan, Grant and General

Johnson, McClellan, Grant and General Rosecrains,
About 6 o'clock in the evening father and I went out on Pennsylvania avenue. We went almost to the steps of the Capitol, where father met several gentlemen. He joined them and they took him aside and talked with him in low tones, excitedly, while I stood on the outskirts. One of the gentlemen, noticing me, said to my father, loud enough for me to hear:

"You'd better take the child and go home."

"What have they done?" asked my father,
"They've shot Lincoln."
"My God, they've shot the wrong man!"
said father.
"Poor Abe! Poor Abe!" they both said to-

gether.

"What else have they done?" asked father.

"They've killed Seward, too, and the fool who shot Lincoln was so drunk that he has broken his leg."

"How did he do it?"

"He hasn't had a mouthful all day, and they had to fill him with liquor and make him do it: and he fel!"

"Then they've got him, have they?"

"No, they haven't, and they won't."

"How can he escape?" said father.

"That's all right. Everything is prepared all along the line, and once he crosses Harper's Ferry he's safe."

"What happened to Grant?"

"The coward fied to New York."

"How was that?" said father. "I thought he was gong to the theater with him."

"yes, he was to; but fifteen minutes before the time he sent a telegram that he was called to New York."

"Somebody will have to pay for this," said my father.

"Oh! don't worry," said Mr. Thompson. "They're in hot pursuit, and they will bring a dummy back"

"What do you mean by a 'dummy?"

I mean they won't get him, but a dead body will come back."

"What has become of Surratt?" asked my father.

"He is not far, and I'm afraid they'll

body will come back."

"What has become of Surratt?" asked my father.

"He is not far, and I'm afraid they'll get him before morning."

"And that poor woman! They'll make her swing for it."

"Yes, and Garfield will do it," said Mr. Thompson.

Their manner of talk was so tense and so vehement, and their words so strange, that I sat bolt upright in the next room and began to sob aloud, and my father, hearing me, left his companion and came to quiet me. He questioned me as what I had heard, put his head on the pillow until I went to sleep, and then left me. The next morning when I woke it was to hear the hoof heats of the horse on the cobblestone pavement up and down Peringy, vanid avenue. The cries of the people and the noise in the street brought the scene of the last night back to me very vividly, and though I did not realize what had happened I remember I kept saying over to myself while I was dressing:

"They've killed him! They've killed him!"

Before we went down to breakfast I re-





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